

Hoosier Folklore

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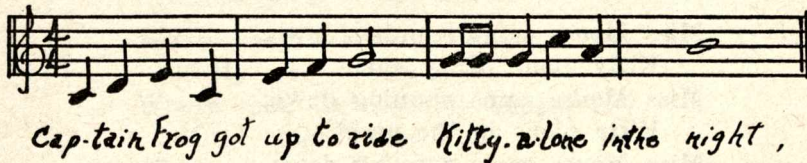
NO. 3

ANOTHER VERSION OF "THE FROG'S COURTING"

By MILDRED BARNETT MITCHAM

This nursery song is given as it is remembered by my mother, Mrs. H. G. Barnett, Wewoka, Oklahoma. She learned the song from the farm hands when her family first moved to west Texas (1880).

Captain Frog Went a Wooing



Captain Frog got up to ride,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,¹
Captain Frog got up to ride,
Kitty alone in the night,
Captain Frog got up to ride,
Sword and pistol by his side,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

He rode 'til he came to Miss Mouse's hall,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
He rode 'til he came to Miss Mouse's hall,
Kitty alone in the night,
He rode 'til he came to Miss Mouse's hall,
And there he knocked and bawled,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

"Oh! Miss Mouse are you within?"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
"Oh! Miss Mouse are you within?"
Kitty alone in the night,
"Oh! Miss Mouse are you within?"
"Oh yes sir, I can card and spin,"
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

Miss Mouse came running down,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Miss Mouse came running down,
Kitty alone in the night,
Miss Mouse came running down,
In her silk and satin gown,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

¹ The "Kitty alone" chorus, from the first stanza on throughout the song, is sung with expressions indicating the very angry cat's secret plan to "crash" the wedding party.

Captain Frog sat on Miss Mouse's knee,²
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Captain Frog sat on Miss Mouse's knee,
Kitty alone in the night,
Captain Frog sat on Miss Mouse's knee,
And said to her, "Will you marry me?"
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

"Not without Uncle Rat's consent,"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
"Not without Uncle Rat's consent,"
Kitty alone in the night,
"Not without Uncle Rat's consent
Would I marry the President,"
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

Uncle Rat he rode to town,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Uncle Rat he rode to town,
Kitty alone in the night,
Uncle Rat he rode to town
To buy his niece a wedding gown,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

Where shall the wedding supper be?
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Where shall the wedding supper be?
Kitty alone in the night,
Where shall the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder in a hollow tree,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

² Captain Frog's sitting on Miss Mouse's knee is a very unusual part of the courtship which I do not find in other versions of "The Frog's Courting."

The first came in was a little moth,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
The first came in was a little moth,
Kitty alone in the night,
The first came in was a little moth
Spreading down the table cloth,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

(I think the stork brought the knives and forks.)

The next came in was a spotted snake,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
The next came in was a spotted snake,
Kitty alone in the night,
The next came in was a spotted snake
With a plate of wedding cake,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

The next came in was a little bug,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
The next came in was a little bug,
Kitty alone in the night,
The next came in was a little bug
With some liquor in a jug,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

The next came in was a bumble bee,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
The next came in was a bumble bee,
Kitty alone in the night,
The next came in was a bumble bee

With his fiddle on his knee,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.
The next came in was Captain Flea,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
The next came in was Captain Flea,
Kitty alone in the night,
The next came in was Captain Flea
To dance a jig with the bumble bee,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

The next came in was the old tomcat,
(I have forgotten what the old tomcat brought.)

Old tomcat caught Miss Mouse by the crown,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Old tomcat caught Miss Mouse by the crown,
Kitty alone in the night,
Old tomcat caught Miss Mouse by the crown,
And then he shook her up and down,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

The frog caught old tomcat by the head,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
The frog caught old tomcat by the head,
Kitty alone in the night,
The frog caught old tomcat by the head,
And then he threw him under the bed,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

They all went hopping to the lake,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
They all went hopping to the lake,
Kitty alone in the night,
They all went hopping to the lake;
There they met with a hungry snake,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

The fiddle and bow are on the shelf,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
The fiddle and bow are on the shelf,
Kitty alone in the night,
The fiddle and bow are on the shelf,
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself,
Rock to my reary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone in the night.

The oldest record of "The Frog and the Mouse" is found in Wedderburn's "Complaint of Scotland" (1549 ed., Murray, p. 64) as "The Frog Cam to the myl dur," a stage song which contains a mock courtship between a frog and a mouse. "A Most Strange Weddinge of the ffrogge and the mouse" was entered to Edward White in the Stationer's Register

(Nov. 21, 1580). The song was printed in its first musical form in 1611. The immense popularity and wide distribution of "The Frog's Courting" in Great Britain and America are evident in the five and one-half pages of references concerning this song alone, listed by Kittredge, accompanying the article "Traditional Texts and Tunes" by Tolman and Eddy.³

There are many versions of "The Frog's Courting," but this version, "The Frog Went a Wooing"—a combination of "The Frog's Courting" and a "Kitty alone" chorus—can be identified with a very small group having this particular burden. From the early records Kittredge cites only the Ritson-Halliwell copy as having the "Kitty alone" chorus. This copy may have come from the "Cuddy alone" version found in most Scottish texts.⁴ Listed separately from the "Cullum a cary, Kitty alone, Kitty alone and I" could easily have come from the same chorus as the "Rock to my reary, Kitty alone, Kitty alone in the night" of "The Frog Went A Wooing." Version D is only one stanza with a "Kitty alone" chorus which has no rhythmic addition other than "Solomon cried." Miss Scarborough lists one fragment of four stanzas with the "Kitty alone" chorus, "Rock my cary, Kitty alone, Kitty alone tonight,"⁵ which is similar to Sharp's B version. Although there is no "Kitty alone" chorus with the "Frog Went A-Courting" found in *Lonesome Tunes*, by Wyman and

³ Albert H. Tolman and Mary O. Eddy, "Traditional Texts and Tunes," *JAFL* 35:394-399, 1922.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 398.

eleven versions of "The Frog Went A-Courting" are four versions of "The Frog in the Well" in Sharp's *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, two of which, versions B and D, are similar to the version here submitted. Version B⁵ presents only one stanza, but the chorus part,

⁵ Cecil James Sharp, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (London, 1932) 2: 321.

⁶ Dorothy Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains* (New York, 1937) 242.

Brockway, there is a "Kitty alone" chorus in another song entitled "The Bedtime Song,"⁷ which shows the adaptability of the chorus in connection with other songs.

But the version which is most similar in words and music to the one here presented is found in a discussion by Payne under the heading of type B which consists of four songs with the "Kitty alone" burden. Although number three of this group omits the fate of Miss Mouse, has fewer stanzas, and other minor differences, it can be compared with the present "The Frog Went A Wooing" in similarity of chorus, tune, and completeness of theme.⁸

Many of the "Kitty alone" burdens are combined with some variation of "Rock my cary." Payne believes that the variations of "Rock and Kay," "Rock my cary," or "Cullum a cary"—found in the "Kitty alone" choruses which are probably corruptions from the "Cock my cary" of the Ritson-Halliwell burden—suggest Irish antecedents.⁹

The versions of "The Frog's Courting" with the "Kitty alone" burden have not gained in popularity as have the simpler versions. This is evident, first, in the great number of variants found in collections of nursery songs which are identified by the "um-humm" or humming choruses; and in the few fragmentary variants identified by the more complicated refrains. For example, the most complete study of "The Frog's Courting" available—that of Payne—lists forty-one versions. Twenty-seven have the humming chorus; while the other fourteen variants include four forms of "Kitty alone," eight of "Kimo-karo," one of "Fa lee linkum larry,"

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Saw a crow a flying low,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Saw a crow a flying low,
Kitty alone, a-lie,
Saw a crow a flying low,
And a cat a spinning tow,
Kitty alone a-lie,
Rock a mary a ree.

from Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, *Lonesome Tunes* (New York, 1916) 22.

⁸ L. W. Payne, Jr., "Some Texas Versions of 'The Frog's Courting'," *Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society* (Austin, Texas) 5:20.

⁹ *Ibid.*, 19.

and one of "Tadee daada daada da." Moreover, of Sharp's fifteen versions, eight contain the humming or laughing chorus, while the other seven have two variants of "Kitty alone," two of "Chow waddley way," one of "Sing-song Kitty can't you kimey-o," one of "Riddle I day, didn't I daddy," and one of "A glee, a glee." Second, the absence of complete versions of the "Kitty alone" burden shows its decay. Many of those recorded are no more than one stanza in length. Sharp lists two such fragments. Payne records four "Kitty alone" versions: two are fragments, and two are more complete with fifteen and sixteen stanzas. In general, this decay may be ascribed not only to the complexity of the tune, in comparison with the simpler ones, but also to the nonsense jingle, since all of the burdens with elaborate nonsense choruses are giving way to the humming choruses.

Even so, the "Kitty alone" chorus has a special significance for those to whom it is sung, for it is that foreboding chorus which points forward to the catastrophe. The uninvited guest, Kitty, who is "alone" for obvious reasons, causes the tragic end of the wedding feast: he attacks Miss Mouse, and causes the guests to scatter to the lake where all meet "with the hungry snake."

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(The tune of this version—one often found joined to forms of the "Frog's Courtship" piece—is widespread in British-American folksong and is nearly always associated (as here) with forms of a refrain containing the words "Kitty alone and I" or some variation or corruption thereof. The rest of the refrain—of which the original meaning seems to be untraceable—likewise consists of vocables having a similar sound whenever variants turn up. In the old country this tune (with its usual refrain, which is persistently associated with the air) is especially popular, in various modes, throughout Scotland (Lowlands) and Ireland and may well be of Gaelic origin. The consistent joining of forms of tune and refrain has occasionally given the tune the local title of "Kitty Alone," regardless of textual association.

Pennsylvania State College

Samuel P. Bayard)

FOLK SPEECH FROM SOUTHEASTERN ILLINOIS

By LELAH ALLISON

The following idiomatic speech, proverbs, proverbial phrases, and sayings are a collection by the writer, written in the interest of folklore of three counties—her home region—in southeastern Illinois: Wayne, Edwards, and Wabash. Knowing the people well, the author wishes to make it clear that the people, though of the rural districts and small towns, certainly cannot be classed as ignorant because they use their own folk expressions in preference to standard speech. The wide variety of this folk speech shows the tenacity of its hold upon the people, many of whom are university graduates who slip into the vernacular, especially when living in their home region.

Even the safest of all topics, the weather, has its expressions. If it rains very hard, "It's rainin' nigger babies" or "It's rainin' pitchforks" or perhaps "Pitchforks with nigger babies stickin' on the ends of 'em." It may "Rain cats and dogs." It may be "A pourdown." A cloudburst "Beats anything" or is "A toad strangler." If it does not rain enough, "We've not been payin' the preacher," or "All signs fail in dry weather." Either very dry or very rainy weather may be "A humdinger." Very cold weather may "Freeze your snout," or "Freeze the tail off a brass monkey." "It will freeze your tail off." Very hot weather may cause you to "Melt and run down." It is either "A roaster" or "A scorcher." "You pant till your tongue hangs out." Frost "Nips their tails" or "Wilts them down" or just plain "Nips." Ice is "Slick as glass," or "Slick as greased butter." Hail, as well as many other things, may "Beat the band."

Time expressions are numerous: "Since Heck was a pup, and he died an old dog," or "As old as Ann," or "Since the year one," or "Slow as the second coming of Jesus," or "Slow as pond water," or "Slow as molasses in January," "Slow as a snail." "Not seen¹ you in a coon's age," "Slow as seven years' itch," "So slow he don't earn his salt,"² "Quick as a cricket,"

¹ The auxiliary is often omitted.

² It is fairly common to use *don't* with the third person singular.

"Quick as a flash," and "Faster than greased lightning" are all favorite phrases. "Be done in two shakes of a black sheep's tail" is an expression often used to express extra speed. He is a "Slow poke" when he does not like his task and shows it by his action and is "Jumping around" when he puts on speed when he wants to go somewhere. "Twist your tail" is a warning to hurry. "Shake a leg" is another warning for speed. "In two shakes of a lamb's tail" is another variant for speed. "Old as Methuselah" and "Old as Adam" are expressions of age, often applied to such objects as butter.

The person with many tasks to do "Has more than you can shake a stick at." If you work hard "You work like a nigger," or "Work like a slave," or "Work till you are dragged out," "Work like a dog," or "Work like a nigger at an election." It is common to hear "Work like a Turk." If you are tired, you are "Played out," "All in," or "Tuckered out." If you are exhausted you are "Worn to a frazzle." To stop work is "Quitting," or "Takin' out." To attempt to do more than you can get done is to "Bite off more than you can chew."

Advice may be encouragement as: "Keep your chin up," "Never say die," or "Take it on the chin like a man." Advice may be a reprimand: "Hold your taters," "Keep your shirt on," "Tend to your own knittin'," or "Don't get the cart before the horse." The impudent one may say, "Tend to your own business." Admonition to continue is "Go on with your rat killin'." "Keep your eyes peeled" is to watch carefully. The one who makes a speech and is forced to withdraw it "Draws in his horns." A belligerent person "Fights at the drop of a hat." One who is angry is told: "Get off your high horse." One who acts badly without thinking of results for himself "Cuts off his nose to spite his own face." If a person is doing wrong, "Give him enough rope, and he will hang himself." The sick person may be advised "Rest up" or "Feed a cold and starve a fever." "Six of one and half dozen of another" is advice that means chances are equal.

Physical appearances have their share of sayings. These may refer to mental ability, social position, aspirations, moral defects, or personal traits. An ugly woman's face "Would stop a clock." She is "As ugly as a mud fence," or "Ugly as sin." An attractive one is "Pretty as a picture," or "A peach." She is "Sweet as honey," or she is "A honey." She "Favors her mother's family," or is "A pretty little trick." A tall per-

son is "Long for this world even if he should die tomorrow." A thin person is "Skinny," "Thin as a rail," "Thin as a toothpick," or "Skinny as a picket." A little person is a "Gimlet." The overly large person is "Fat as a hog," "Fat as a fool," or "Fat as a butterball." A large shapeless person may be "Built like a stove" or "Like a sack of wheat." The woman with large legs "Has legs like fence posts." It may be said of a person with red hair, "If you cut his hair he will bleed to death." A hooked nose is "A parrot nose." "You could hang him over a limb by his nose." A strong person is "tough," "Strong as an ox," "Tough as a pine knot," "Strong as a horse," or "Tough as shoe leather." A freckled person is "Speckled as a turkey's egg." A clumsy person is "Awkward as a cow," or "A blunderbuss." If he refers to using his hands it is "My fingers are all thumbs." The man who has lost his hair has a "Bald pate," or "It is slick as a peeled onion." The one with a pug nose "Has turnips for sale." The one with big ears is "Donkey" or "Donk." The person with a small sharp face is "Rat face." A person large about the waist is "Big as a barrel." The obese one is "Big as all outdoors."

Those mentally above normal are "Pretty smart," "Sharp as a tack," "Sharp as a whip,"³ or "All there." One mentally below normal is "Dumb as an ox," "Hasn't the sense of a jack rabbit," "Too dumb to come in out of the rain," "Hasn't got all his marbles," "Not all there," "Dumb as a post," "Dumb as a stump," "Don't know beans when the bag is open," "Too dumb to pound salt in a rat hole," or "Was behind the door when the brains was passed around." Even an intelligent person who does not know the proper conduct on certain occasions may be "Green as a gourd," or "Green as grass." If a person makes mistakes about his work, "He knows as much about ---- as a hog does about Sunday."

People who talk too much "Talk a blue streak," or are "Chatterers." If they brag of their feats, they are replied to thus "We killed a bear, we did." The one who tells a joke to reflect on another or speaks too wisely "Has been drinkin' razor soup," or "Sleepin' under a grindstone." Such a one may be "Too wise for his breeches." If he grumbles he "Got up on the wrong side of the bed," "Has his hump up," "Has

³ This is perhaps the outgrowth of the crack of a cattle whip.

his back up," "Had his fur rubbed the wrong way," or "Has his nose out of joint." If he is very angry "He is mad as a wet hen," or "He flew off the handle." One who talks when angry "Raises Cain," "Raises the roof," "Raises the devil," "Gets his jinny up," "Kicks up a fuss," "Raises a ruckus," or if he talks angrily and insultingly, he "Raises hell and puts a chunk under it." The person who merely talks too much "Can talk the wheels off a red wagon," or "Talk your arm off."

The gushing overfriendly woman who speaks mildly is so soft "Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth." Brazen effrontery in one is said to be "Big as watch." The over solicitous is "Busy as a hen with one chicken." The faultfinder is told "The fox is the finder; the stink lies right behind her." The friendly one is "Common as an old shoe." An impudent one is told, "Get off your strut." The slow speaker is warned: "Talk or shake a bush." The one who blushes "Gets red as a turkey gobbler's snout." The one who rushes forward without wisdom "Has more grit than gumption." The one who makes an incident too important "Makes a mountain out of a mole hill."

A stingy person is "Tight as the bark on a tree," or "Tight as Nick's hat band," or "He would skin a flea for its hide and tallow."

An unworthy person is "So crooked you'd have to make his grave with a corkscrew," or "He is so crooked he can't lie straight in bed." If he won't tell the truth he is "As crooked as a dog's hind leg." It may be said of him "I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw a bull by the tail." If he is a thief he has "Sticky fingers." If a person speaks of a fox or another animal stealing chickens the reply may be "Yes, a two-legged varmint." If a person is a noted liar he is "The biggest liar in ten counties." It may be said of him "I wouldn't believe him if he took an oath on a stack of Bibles as high as the moon." "He'd rather tell a lie than the truth." A person who tells white lies "Stretches his blanket." When listening to a tale you can't believe say, "Did you say something or did your head rattle?" The snob is "Big headed."

One who is unfortunate regarding finances "Has a hard row to hoe," is "Poor as Job's turkey," or "Poor as a church mouse." People who pretend to own more than they have are "Trying to be big." They are "Stuck up." One in straitened circumstances is "In a hole," "Up a stump," or "In a tight

place." He may be "In a fix." If he loses material things, "He comes out the little end of the horn." The one who lives beyond his means is "Boring with too large an auger," or "Cutting too wide a swath." The one who dresses up "Puts on dog" and "Tries to look pretty." The conceited one is "Uppity," or "Biggety."

The good-for-nothing does not amount to "Shucks." He may not be worth the "Powder and lead to blow his head off."

The glutton is "Full as a tick," or "Full as a goose."

The drunkard is "Tight," "Drunk as a lord," or "Full as a goose." "I wouldn't be in his shoes!"

Courtship and marriage have their share of remarks. A girl may be "Driving her ducks to a poor market" if she makes a poor marriage. If she tries to get someone for her husband, "She sets her cap for him." If they marry "They jump over the broom stick," "Get hitched," or "Get spliced." If they separate they "Split the blanket." If the marriage is forced "They got married in a whiff," or "It was a shotgun wedding." It is fortunate for the bride to wear "Something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue." If a boy accompanies a girl any place, they "Go together." For them to "Go together" several times is to "Keep steady company," or "Going steady." The boy is the girl's "Feller," and the young lady is his "Girl." They are said to be "Sparkin'." When they are married she is his "Woman." He is her "Man."

If a person is asked how he is, he may say "Middlin'," "Fair to middlin'," "Just tol'able," "Out of kelter," "Out of shape," "Poorly," or "Dawnsey" if he is not well. He may refer to his ill health by saying, "I feel like something the cats drug in," "I feel like something sent for that couldn't come," or "I feel like a cent piece with a hole punched through it." He may look as if he "Had been through the flint mill." The person who is not strong is "Weak as a cat." If he has not had enough sleep, his eyes may look like "Two burnt holes in a blanket." A thin or undernourished person is "As big as a cake of soap after a week's washin'."

The well person may be "Pert as a cricket," "Right pert," "Fat and sassy," "Fine as silk," or "Fine as frog hair." Often he is "Fine and dandy," or "Fine as a fiddle." If he is joyous he is "Happy as a lark."

Household sayings are numerous. A wasteful woman "Throws more out the window than a man can bring in the door." To use hands instead of forks say: "Fingers were made before forks." To tell a host you are coming is "To get your name in the pot." Jealousy says "If I can't be tablecloth, I won't be dishrag." One who does the dirty work is "Tar bucket." "Her cake is dough" is said of one who loses her prestige. "Put a bug in his ear" is a warning.

The puzzled one is "Up a stump." "To beat about the bush" avoids truth. Of a person who works well at first but is likely to become inefficient as time passes, it is said, "A new broom sweeps clean." If one hesitates before beginning a task, he is told to "Pitch in." "Sooeey! You took all the bed last night" is said to a person who takes more than his share of space. "He can't light a candle to her" is said of one who is not nearly so efficient as another or who is not nearly so handsome. "Dive in" is said to one who hesitates. One who is invited to wait awhile is told to "Stick around." "Come in and sit" is an invitation to enter a house. "Hold your taters" is said to an impatient one, or "Hold your horses." If a person speaks out of turn, he may be told: "Hold your tongue." "Turn in" or "Hit the hay" means to go to bed. "Contrary as a mule" is said of the obstinate one. "Run up this hole" means to mend a torn place in a garment. "Button your mouth" means to be quiet. "Kindle a fire" means to make a fire in a stove. "Clean up" means to put the house in order. "Mopped up" or "Wiped up" means that the floor scrubbing is done. "Punch the stove" is an order to rearrange the fuel in the stove so that the fire burns better. A woman who works the buttermilk from the butter "Works the butter." "Don't rush off" is one way of inviting guests to remain longer. "Clean the garden" means to hoe it. "Run a seam" is said of sewing whether by hand or by sewing machine.

The table and eating have many sayings of their own. A person when asked if he wants another helping at the table, may say, "I can reach." That is the polite way of not putting the host to any trouble to pass the dish. "A long arm" means one reaches far at the table for what he wants. "Pull up your chair" means to sit at the table. "Bridgeplank" is a toothpick. "More sky juice" is a suggestion to pour the water. Cottage cheese is "Curd."

The farm chores have their own lingo. To milk is to "Juice the cows." To drain the tractor is to "Juice the tractor." Eggs are "Hen fruit." The mules are "The donks." "Unhitchin'" is taking the team from the wagon. "Alight and look to your saddle,"⁴ is an invitation to come into the house.

Speech to children is often different. A child who dominates the rest of the family, including the parents, "Rules the roost." The bashful child is told "The cat has your tongue." The inquisitive child is told "Layovers and meddlers." It may be "What fer? Cat fur to make a little boy a pair of breeches." The one who knows less than he thinks he does is getting "Too big for his breeches." If he objects to a reprimand he "Kicks like a bay steer." If he not only resents a reprimand but does as he pleases, he "Kicks over the traces." If a hurt child cries, he is told, "You will forget it by the time you are married twice," or "You will forget it in a month of Sundays." If a child hears that which his elders think he should not, it is said, "Little pitchers have big ears." If he leaves something on his plate when he has finished a meal, "His eyes are bigger than his belly." A child "Takes after" his parents if he resembles them. If he talks too much and tells that which he should not, he "Lets the cat out of the bag." If he is sleepy, he has "Sand in his eyes."

To leave in a hurry is to "Take to the tall timber" or "Be off in a whiff," or "Leave in a jiffy," or "Leave like a bat out of a burnin' hay barn," or "Be off like a chair leg," or "Like a jack rabbit," or "To hit the high places," or "To light a shuck." Sometimes it is merely "Took off."

A person who cannot see an object in plain view is told: "If it had been a snake, it would have bit you," or "You are blind as a bat." If he is slow about recalling an incident he is told: "Must have been a lie."

Contempt calls forth "Go to grass," or "Eat grass," or "Fooey," or "Head in."

One who gets partly into trouble goes ahead with the project, saying: "Might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," or "I'll catch the devil, anyhow," or "Might as well be the devil as his imp." He might "Laugh out the other side of his mouth" if he is caught, or "Sing a different tune." To

⁴ Older people use the expression now, even if the visitor comes in a car.

warn him is as futile as "Pouring water on a duck's back." If he is merely discomfited he may "Look down his nose."

An article is "Black as ace of spades," or "Handy as a pocket in a shirt," or "Dull as a froe," or "So dull I could ride to town on it, and it would not cut me," or "Tight as a tick," or "Silly as a goose," or "Hard as nails," or "Soft as puddin'," or "Slick as a peeled onion," or "Hard as a rock," soaked "Like a wet hen," or handsome "As a mud fence," or "Wet as a dish rag." Weeds are "Thick as hair on a dog's back."

Articles not set in line are "Screwy" or "Side gogglin'," or "Catawampus," or "Lopper jawed."

An unexpected appearance of a person may call forth: "Talk of the devil and his imp appears," or simply "Look who's comin'." A small woman carrying a large baby "Wags it like an old cat carryin' a kitten." A person who manages to remain dry in a rain is "As dry as a chip." One who remains warm in cold weather is "Warm as toast." One who gets very wet is "Wet as a drowned rat." Very friendly people are "Thick as three in a bed," or "So close you couldn't separate them with a knife."

If a person does something wrong another may "Take him down a notch," or "Tell him a head full," or "Cut his tail feathers," or "Singe his tail," or "Put a kink in his tail," or "Singe his fur." It may be a rude "Slap him down." If it is more talk than action it may be "Kick his pants." If the person is very uneasy, he may have "Ants in his pants." If he does something in a mild way that he should not, "It beats the Dutch," or "Beats the Jews." If another is provoked at him very much, he may be given "Hail Columbia," or "Have his funeral preached." If the offender is indifferent, he may remark, "It will all come out in the wash." If he does very stupid things in a foolish way he is "Hog wild and crazy." A person may stop the talk of another by "Putting the quietus on him." "He's rarin' to go" if he is very anxious.

The person who flutters around accomplishing very little "Jumps around like a chicken with its head off." The one who moved quickly and "Turns off" a great deal of work is a "Go-getter," or "Stem-winder," or "A horse for work." She may be "A staver." If he talks too much he "Stews around." If he is very angry "He is fit to be tied."

To break a friendship is to "Put the rollers under him," or "Give him the skids," or "Lower the curtain." Or if the friendship is broken in a noisy quarrel it may be "Give him the works." You may "Tell him where to get off," or to "Go to and stay put." He is often "Told all that is comin' to him." To renew a friendship is to "Sew up the blanket," or "Bury the hatchet," or "Makin' up." You may "Throw down the bars to him." If one of the one-time friends tries to renew the friendship, and the other is still hostile, he is "Shinin' up." It's "Katy bar the door" if the friendship is ended.

To "Have a bone to pick" or "A crow to pick" with someone is to have something of an unfriendly nature to talk over. If the wrongdoer is "Mealy mouthed," he does not admit his fault or stubbornly says very little, perhaps adding slight insult to injury. If he feels he is not guilty, he may "Take the bull by the horns" and openly seek an understanding with his accuser. The accuser may say after his speech of accusation "If the shoe fits put it on." If one does much talking, especially behind the other's back he is told "Every dog is brave in his own yard." If one is inclined to fight he says "Take off your coat," or "I could whip the whole passel of you." If the accusation is beyond belief it is "Too thin," or "Won't hold water," or "That holds water like a sieve." To an uninterested person, the whole incident is "Carryin' on." It may be a "Row."

The devil is referred to as "Old Harry," or "Old Nick," or "The old Boy," "The bad man," or "The old Scratch."⁵

The person who stays too long as a guest "Wears out his welcome," or he becomes a "Star boarder." If he goes to a home where he is not welcome, they may "Set the dogs on him." If he stays too late, the host may "Show him the door." If he is embarrassed, he gets "Red at the gills."

Concerning in-laws one "Handles them like eggs." If they are not liked, they are "No good," or "Triflin'," or "They are chips off the old block!" That includes the parents, who are liked no better than the relative-in-law.

Church service may be "A meetin'." A funeral is a "Buryin'."

Farmers "Do tradin'" when they go to town. They "Swap" tales with neighbors while they take a "Chew" and "Hitch

⁵ Said especially to children. Devil is too harsh.

up their suspenders." If they don't believe what they hear they "Let it go in one ear and out the other." Anyhow, they join in the "Gab" and tell about their "Own doin's." If they hear something they don't like or an unfriendly person starts to discuss an unpleasant topic, they pass the remark as if unheard or start a new topic of conversation, thinking it best to "Let sleepin' dogs lie."

A snoring person "Saws logs." It may be suggested that he might "Saw me off a dozen." When he sleeps very quietly, he "Is lost to this world."

If you give a person something, hoping to receive a desired reward, you "Feed him bait," or "Feed him taffy." If he accepts your offer "He swallows it hook, line, and sinker." You may "Puff him up," if you compliment him. He is a "Simp" if he fails to understand your purpose.

Southern Illinois Normal University Carbondale, Illinois

IOWA STUDENT TALES

By RUTH ANN MUSICK

I. WITCHLORE

1. *Rheumatism Cure*

Given to me by Marilynn Wick, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, (my student), who had it from her mother. The experience actually happened to her grandfather.

Grandfather was crippled with rheumatism when he was a fairly young man. He could hardly walk and he did so with the aid of two canes. It was in the horse and buggy days and he could hardly climb into a buggy.

It was by chance that he heard of an old man who was known to have cured rheumatism, and so great was the pain that he was willing to do almost anything if it could be cured. He did not know whether he could make the long trip or not, but he said he would try.

When he arrived at the old man's house, the old man said that he had cured some people's rheumatism and he would be willing to try.

He rubbed a small portion of Grandfather's arm with alcohol and, saying some words, he took a pair of scissors and snipped a small portion of skin from his arm and then told him to go home and in a few days his rheumatism would be gone. He said that that night he would go out and find a young tree and place this skin in the bark of it and his rheumatism would grow into the tree.

When Grandfather got home he could hardly climb out of the buggy as it had been such a long, hard ride. He was disgusted that he had been such a fool to drive that far and have such a silly thing done.

The next morning when he got up, his rheumatism was no better, and he still used both canes. After a while, however, he got along much better and decided to use only one cane. Around noon he was outside, and he threw the other cane away. He never used them again and his rheumatism was cured. Whether it was time for it to be cured, imagination, or the old man's cure, he doesn't know; but he has a feeling that the strange remedy worked.

II. GHOSTLORE

2. *Poltergeist*

Informant: Lillian C. Reitan, Floyd, Iowa.

The mother of the family on her deathbed asked the father to promise that if he married again, his wife should be one who would be kind to the children. About six months after her death, the man did remarry, and the one he married was very careless and hateful to the children. They were mistreated, undernourished, etc. Then strange things began to happen in the kitchen. Utensils moved mysteriously. Cupboard doors opened and closed without any seen hand to move them, until the lady turned over a new leaf and saw to it that the children were fed.

3. *Ghost Light*

Informant Lillian C. Reitan, Floyd, Iowa.

A neighbor was hauling logs and came with a load from a long distance, and passed a graveyard. A light not attached to anything flashed out in front of his team. They stopped in astonishment. The light went out and he went on, frightened, and wondering what it was. (There never seemed to be any explanation for it.)

4. *Ghost Light Leads to Corpse*

Informant Lillian C. Reitan, Floyd, Iowa.

A man killed his hired man because he thought he was too friendly with his wife, and buried him out near a river somewhere. No one knew about it as yet, or even suspicioned it, as the hired man was very little known. Then fishermen or hikers after dark noted strange lights above a certain spot. They finally investigated, discovered the grave; and the whole story was uncovered.

5. *Horse Sees Spirit*

Informant Lillian C. Reitan, Floyd, Iowa.

A young man (a neighbor) tells a story taken from horse and buggy days (or cutter days). He was driving home in winter at night with a horse and cutter, and, his horse being a trusted one, the boy curled up in his robe and dozed off. The horse would run a while, walk a bit, and then trot off again. Somewhere along a desolate part of the road (this was a long journey through country roads), the horse stopped dead still, and the boy at once awoke and looked up. The horse was standing very quiet, not even breathing, and look-

ing ahead with staring eyes and perked-up ears. For the space of a second the boy was terrified—he knew not what of. Then he yelled loudly to the horse, who obediently started up again and trotted off. They got home all right, but the man still remembers his terror as a boy—but never knew what caused it.

6. *Ghost Dog*

Given to me by my student, Mary Lou Nixon, of Iowa Wesleyan College, who had it from her great grandmother.

This is a story that has been handed down to me by my great-grandmother. This is the way she told it to me.

After my great grandmother and great grandfather were happily married on a farm near Villisca, Iowa, a huge dog came to their home one day. He was a monstrous looking creature, part bloodhound and part wolf. His tail was a yard long and he stood six feet tall on his hind legs.

When he first made his appearance at my grandmother's, he was all skin and bones. He wasn't tame at all but would eat if food were left alone for him.

One night they were holding a square dance in the town of Villisca, fifteen miles away. He followed my great-grandparents in their horse and buggy to the dance.

The refreshments that night consisted partly of weiners, and somehow the dog found where they were in the summer kitchen and ate all ten pounds.

My great-grandfather was so angry that he shot him three times—twice in the head and once in the stomach. He was cold by the time they went home, so he was put in the back of the buggy and was to be buried the next day.

When my great-grandfather went out to lay him in the sod the next morning, he was gone. They supposed that someone or something had done way with him, and completely forgot about him.

One week later the same dog came to the same house with two bullet wounds in his head and one in his stomach. From then on he was known as the "ghost dog."

7. *Racing a Ghost*

Given by Joyce Warth, who had it from her grandmother, Mrs. Collin Douglass.

Early day courtship across timbers involved night travel alone, quite often. No doubt the origin of this joke is due to this.

A colored boy, going home, saw a ghost and started to run. When he was out of breath, he sat down on a log, and the ghost said, "We went some, didn't we?"

The darky said, "When I get my breath, we'll go some more."

(See *H.F.B.* 1:58 August, 1942.)

III. GRAVEYARD STORIES

8. *The Grave Robbers*

Given to me by Lewis Lint, my student at Iowa Wesleyan College.

Here is a story I have heard told, and will probably never forget. The old gentleman who passed it on to me talked as if he would be willing to stake his life on its authenticity.

It seems as though a couple of professional grave robbers were hard at their profession late one night when one of the townspeople happened along. Sensing something unlawful, he stopped and watched the proceedings. He had often heard of how grave robbers operated, but had never had the opportunity of observing them in action. The robbers proceeded to lift the body from the grave and wrap it in a blanket. They brought it over and laid it on the ground beside their buggy while they went back and filled in the grave.

In the meantime, the townsman, much interested in the proceedings, and for the most part a brave man, quietly slipped the corpse out of the blanket and rolled up in it himself. When the robbers came back, he lay still while they lifted him up into the buggy seat, to sit between them on the journey home.

Feeling quite satisfied with their night's work, one of them pulled out his liquor flask, and in a joking manner said to the supposed corpse sitting beside him. "Have a drink, old stiff!"

The supposed corpse obligingly reached out his hand for the flask and said, "I don't mind if I do!"

You can well imagine the shock that came to those two brave men. Not another word was said. One went off one side, the other off the other, and they were both running before they ever hit the ground.

9. *The Corpse That Came To Life*

Given to me by Lewis Lint, Iowa Wesleyan College—my student—who had it from his mother, who had it from her father.

In the days when this story happened, grave robbing was a very common "profession" among some of the fearless intellectuals.

This story deals with a team of very successful grave-robbers. These two men, it seems, were known for their daring robberies, having no fear at all of the dead.

It seems that a certain rich lady had died and was buried with jewelry still on her fingers. She wore one especially expensive diamond that the boys wanted more than anything else. This time jewelry was all that interested them—not the body. They had to be very quiet for the minister's house was perhaps a rod or two from the graveyard, and they certainly didn't want to awaken him.

They dug to the body, opened the casket, and began slipping jewelry into their pockets. When they came to the big diamond ring, it would not come off. They pulled and pulled for all they were worth but could not remove it from her finger. It was as if it had been glued on. They could think of no other way to get the ring than to cut off the finger of the corpse and take the whole finger home and work on it later.

When they cut into the finger, it began to bleed, and knowing that this was not natural, they left immediately without filling in the grave.

It so happens that the woman had been buried alive and when they had cut into her finger, the circulation had been started again. She came to life; and, not knowing what else to do, for it was late at night, she went to the preacher's house and awakened him.

The preacher, trusting solely to the grace of God, and not to his own feelings, asked the "corpse" in, and there she stayed all night until the next day, when the preacher returned her to her family.

10. *A Spurious Ghost*

Given to me by one of my students of Iowa Wesleyan College, Lewis Lint, who had it from his father-in-law.

This is a true story as told to my father-in-law by an old pioneer.

There were homesteads open to people in South Dakota at the time of this incident. It is probably the reason that this incident happened.

One of the earlier pioneers that lived in a certain hilly, forest-covered section of the country heard about the government putting up these farms for homesteads to worthy persons. He had lived on this particular ground for quite some time, and he didn't want anybody interfering. He knew he had to do something to keep them out. He remembered all the old Indian graves there were scattered around on the place and he struck an idea on how to keep the homesteaders out.

He went down to one of the graves and dug it up and took the bones home with him to use in his plan. He cleaned up the head and fastened it to the end of a pole. Inside he placed a candle so that when it was dark and the candle was lit it presented a "spooky" effect.

He took the head down to the ditches and gulleys that lay scattered through the place and began to walk back and forth through them every night. The homesteaders saw this supposed ghost and thought perhaps it would go away soon. But as they watched night after night, the ghost always came back. They tried to shoot it but of course, to no avail.

After about two weeks of hair-raising experience, they gave it up and decided to move elsewhere. The old pioneer had won his battle. He had scared them out and saved his land.

IV. SNAKES

11. *Hoop Snake Strikes Tree*

Given to me by Donovan Orman, my student at Iowa Wesleyan College, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

This happens to be a true story, but it is rather odd; so I will repeat it.

While my grandfather was walking down the road, he spotted a hoop snake rolling at him at a terrific speed, but being an extremely active man, he managed to step aside. The snake sailed by him and, being unable to make the turn at the end of the road, struck a huge oak tree. The snake was so poisonous that before the sun set that night, the tree had died and all the leaves had fallen off.

12. Hoop Snake Strikes Wagon Tongue

Informant: Donovan Orman.

My grandfather had another experience with a hoop snake too. He was driving down the road with a team of horses when he saw the snake come, but it was too late to do anything about it. The hoop snake struck the wagon tongue; and before he could get home, the tongue had swollen so much that it broke the neck yoke ring.

(For texts and references see *HFB* 1:95-96 December, 1942.)

13. The Rattler's Revenge

Given to me by Jack Rueb, my student at Iowa Wesleyan College.

It was the year 1853, and a small lone prairie schooner rolled along at its slow oxen speed. John Charters and his family were moving across the Kansas plains in search of richer farm lands that lie in the extreme west.

The family came to a halt that night, pitched camp, and built a cooking fire at the side of a beautiful rock formation. John Charters had two small children, a boy of eight, and a little girl of five.

Early the next morning the family prepared to move on. Before they left, a large female rattlesnake was discovered sunning itself on a circular rock ledge. John quickly killed the unusually large reptile and hung it on the back of the covered wagon, its head dragging along on the ground behind.

"What a beautiful hunk of rattlesnake!" How John would boast about it to his friends.

The family moved on that morning to travel a good fifty miles that day. Skeletons and many drab sights were seen along the trail that day. Destination was reached at sundown that night. Camp was made, and the family slept soundly all night until they were suddenly awakened at sunrise by the terrible cries of the young daughter. It was too late. A large male rattlesnake had coiled itself about the child as she slept, rolled in blankets on the ground. The deadly venom had already taken its paralyzing effect on the small girl, and she lapsed into unconsciousness.

The reptile had found his mate by the trail of smell. Fifty miles is a long way.

V. LOCAL LEGEND

14. *The Fill of the Regiment of Horses*

Given to me by Mark Weston, of Iowa Wesleyan College (my student), who had it from an old neighbor.

When the C. B. and Q. Railroad was first built, wooden trestles were constructed to span the small creeks and ravines. As the trains grew heavier and pulled larger loads, it was necessary to strengthen the span. A dirt fill was decided as the best method to replace the wooden structures. It would have been very simple had they possessed our earth moving equipment but theirs was one of horse drawn carts.

There was a fill about two miles west of Lockridge, that was a major problem. I would estimate that it was about three hundred yards across from hill to hill, and about forty feet high.

The custom in making a fill, where there was already a trestle and track, was to lay planks on the outside of the rails. Upon these planks horses would draw specially adapted carts, built with a wheel base wide enough to go outside the rails. The dirt in these carts was dumped between its rails and filtered down between the ties to the bottom of the fill.

It was an unusually hot summer and the construction company, wanting to finish the fill before winter, forced the "mule skimmers," as the drivers were called, to work the horses at maximum speed. Old and young horses alike were driven at top speed across the span, back down to the dirt pit and up the hill to the track—over and over again. The first sign of fatigue, on the part of the horses, would bring a crack of the whip, and for awhile the horses would respond to the electrifying snap. As the hours went on they refused to respond to this abuse. There was no relief for them except an infrequent pause for water. If they could last until noon they would have an hour's rest. Many horses never lasted until noon but died in a final attempt to pull a heavy cart across the span. Those that died were stripped of their harness and rolled off the track to the unpacked earth below.

Today, in that very fill, there is a depression of about three feet which is said to be a result of the decaying of the regiment of horses.

Iowa Wesleyan College

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

THE FRIENDSHIP VERSE, A HARDY PERENNIAL

By PAUL G. BREWSTER

In going through a boxful of old textbooks, notebooks, "scratchbooks," memory albums, and suchlike material recently, I was interested to note the recurrence of certain little verses, some protesting undying affection or friendship, some a bit cynical, others intended only to provoke a snicker or a giggle, as the case may be. Some of the books examined had been used by my grandparents during their school days; the most recent were my own. Between, in point of time, were books and albums once belonging to father and mother, to uncles and aunts, to cousins, and to classmates of their day. In all, there appear again and again such literary gems as

When you are old and cannot see,
Put on your specs and think of me.

or

As sure as the vine twines 'round the stump,
You are my darling sugar lump.

I offer the following little collection, not to disparage nor yet to extol but to furnish some hallowed-by-use material to readers who may wish to carry on the tradition.

1.

Remember well and bear in mind
That an old cow's tail hangs down behind.

2.

Love may, trust few,
And always paddle your own canoe.

3.

Roses are red, violets are yellow;
You're the girl that stole my fellow.

4.

True friends are like diamonds,
Precious and rare;
False friends are like autumn leaves,
Found everywhere.

5.

Roses are red and violets are blue,
Grass is green and so are you.

6.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you.

7.

In your golden chain of friendship regard me as a link.

8.

Gliding down the stream of time
In your little bark canoe,
May you have a pleasant trip
With just room enough for two.

9.

When you see a cat climb a tree,
Pull its tail and think of me.

10.

When I am dead and laid to rest,
Stand on my grave and yell your best.

11.

Remember me when far, far off
Where the woodchucks die of the whooping cough.

12.

May you glide down the River of Time
Like a bob-tailed chicken on a watermelon rind.

13.

Remember me early,
Remember me late;
Remember me as
An old schoolmate.

14.

Save your sorrow
For tomorrow,
And may tomorrow
Never come.

15.

Do as your mother bids you;
Do it with grace;
And if your fellow kisses you,
Slap him in the face.

16.

Some girls like onions;
Some girls like liver;
But I like a boy
That drives a "flivver."

17.

When you get married and live upstairs,
Don't throw dishwater on my chairs.

18.

My horse is blind and has no tail;
My love for you will never fail.

19.

Little bits of moonbeams,
Lots of hugs and kisses
Make the little maidens
Change their names to Mrs.

20.

When you grow old and ugly,
As people usually do,
Remember that you have a friend
Who is old and ugly too.

21.

May your virtues ever shine
Like blossoms on a pumpkin vine.

22.

May your virtues ever spread
Like butter on hot gingerbread.

23.

May angels 'round your bedside hover
To keep you from kicking off the cover.

24.

My pen is bad;
My ink is pale;
My love for you
Will never fail

25.

When you are bending o'er a tub,
Think of me before you rub;
And if the water is too hot,
Throw in a sweet forget-me-not.

26.

A couple sitting in a hammock,
When they tried to kiss,
All of a sudden found themselves
Just like this.

27.

May your life be long and sunny
And your old man fat and funny;
May your path be strewn with roses
And your kids have turned-up noses.

28.

Head weak,
Brain dumb,
Inspiration won't come;
Bad ink,
No pen,
That's all!
Amen!

Bloomington, Indiana.

(This is a fine sampling of a tradition that, while it was not oral, was certainly widespread and present in great variety. For all I know, the tradition still continues; at least it was very much in evidence among junior high school students in Muncie, Indiana, as late as 1940. Let's have more.—The Editor.)

FOUR IRISH BALLADS FROM "EGYPT"

By GRACE PARTRIDGE SMITH

Prospects for discovering Irish traditional lore in "Egypt"¹ rest, to a certain extent, upon a knowledge of early settlements in Illinois and of the location of centers where Irish families gathered in the first decades of the 1800's. Various sources of information reveal the successive waves of European immigrants who, for social, political, or economic reasons, left the British Isles and sections of the Continent to find a new home in America.²

In Illinois, it is said, the first European colonists were Irish, settling on the Ohio River in 1804. In the 1840's, or a few years earlier, three hundred Irish families located in Monroe County, bordered on the west by the Mississippi River and adjacent to St. Clair and Randolph counties. These newcomers built up an Irish-Catholic community in the five eastern sections of the county (Monroe). In the following years, other Irish groups had come to Illinois so that by 1850 the Federal Census reported the Irish population of the state as 27,786.³

With these facts in mind, the collector should be able to pick up here and there in Illinois, especially in the tri-counties mentioned, various old-time Irish traditions. The original Monroe County settlement undoubtedly sent offshoots to bordering areas, if not farther afield. Fortunate circumstances⁴ have enabled the writer to present in the following pages four Irish ballads, three of them from Randolph County, so far as noted probably unreported in American folksong; the fourth is a transient in Jackson County. All four have been heretofore lacking in the scant roster of Illinois balladry.

The Randolph County ballads were in the repertoire of an old-time resident in the neighborhood of Red Bud, familiarly known as "Peg." They were reclaimed by the writer's in-

¹ A familiar epithet for Southern Illinois.

² Papers in *Illinois History* (Springfield, 1943) 125-126, 135.

³ John Reynolds, *My Own Times* (Chicago, 1879) 182-184.

⁴ For passing on the material from Randolph County, I am indebted to Dr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Harris, of Carbondale.

formants from a relative⁵ who heard the songs from Peg herself at her father's home, more than seventy years ago. Peg was then a grown woman and married. It is probable that she was a "stray" from the original Monroe County colony. These facts and suppositions warrant setting the age of her songs at not less than one hundred years. They have, it is obvious, all the flavor as well as the phrasing of the Irish vernacular. The three examples follow:

1. *The Hold-up*⁶

(Tune: The Irish Washerwoman)

Faith in me cuttle and stick in me buttle,
 Brog and the letters in the measere,
 Sen off to Dublin town to trip,
 To sail upon the say, sir!

To see if I could get employ,
 To cut me corn and hay, sir;
 To pick the pence upon the say,
 The cockle and I may clarens, sir!

As I was travelin' along the way,
 To sell my corn and hay, sir,
 I met an honest gentleman a-travelin'
 Along the way, sir!

An' "How d'ye do, an' how's your health?"
 But he proved to be a mighty rogue, sir;
 For down at the foot of the lane,
 A pistol he pulled out, sir.

He pits the very nozzle,
 Into my very mouth, sir,
 And swore that if I would bawl or cry,
 My brains he'd blow out, sir!

⁵ Mrs. Carrie Lohrberg, of Red Bud.

⁶ The title to this ballad as well as to the two following are given by the writer. The verses were transcribed *as they sounded* from Mrs. Lohrberg's recital. She herself was uncertain about a few of the words, The peculiar phrasing of the lines is in character with an English-speaking Irishwoman. See P. W. Joyce, *English As We Speak It In Ireland* (Dublin, 1910).

Three steps I did retire,
 "Money?" says I, "Your Irish eye, sir!"
 My shellallah never misses fire—
 His pistol flashed; his head I smashed, sir!

Muckle-a-rooh, this song so true,
 To the bottom of the say I'll go, sir;
 You promised to take me over to Pargate,
 An' I'll make it an' stick to the bargain.

2. *Peg's Spinning-Wheel Song*

It is said Peg made up these verses as she went along. Several additional couplets are too fragmentary to record here.

As I went walkin' one bright summer day,
 I met my augusurri, just over the way.

Refrain

Augusurri, re-dramin, augusurri re-ray,
 Augusurri, re-dramin, just over the way.

She roared and she bawled, an' my neighbor I called
 To see my augusurri, just over the way.

Refrain

Augusurri, re-dramin, etc.

So sleek was her hair, so sleek was her tail,
 I knew my augusurri never would fail.

Refrain

Augusurri, re-dramin, etc.

3. *St. Patrick's Day Parade*

You should see the Captain on his horse,
 Like old Napoleon Bonaparte;
 As he rides along the ranks,
 He broke each lady's heart.

Refrain

With right foot first,
 With light foot tread,
 St. Patrick's Day parade

With a green cockade in each man's hat,
 And a green necktie that's newly made,

Refrain

With right foot first, etc.

4. *Willie Brennan or Brennan on the Moor*

This ballad reported from Jackson County is not common. The writer's informant, Miss Geneva Parmley, formerly of Carbondale, traces the ballad back to her grandfather who was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He was an early settler in Camden County, Missouri.

'Tis of a fearless highwayman, a story I would tell,
 His name is Willie Brennan; in Ireland he did dwell.
 On top of Calvary's mountain, he began his wild career,
 And many a wealthy gentleman was made to quake with fear.

Chorus⁷

Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor,
 Bold, gay, and undaunted stood Brennan on the moor.

One day upon the highway as Willie he sat down,
 He saw the mayor of Calvary one mile outside of town.
 The mayor knew his features. "Young man, I think," says he,
 "Your name is Willie Brennan; you may go along with me!"

Now Willie's wife being in town, provisions for to buy,
 When she saw her Willie taken began to weep and cry.
 It's "Hand me that tenpence!" And as soon as Willie spoke,
 She handed him his blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

Now with this loaded blunderbuss—the truth to you I'll tell,
 He made the mayor to tremble and robbed him of his gold,
 And with his horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.
 Five hundred pounds were offered for his apprehension there.

⁷ Chorus after each stanza.

Now Willie, being an outlaw, all on the mountain high,
With infantry and cavalry to catch him they did try.
He lay among the briars which lay thick upon the field.
Nine wounds he did receive before that he would yield.

He lost his foremost finger; 'twas shot off by a ball,
And Willie and his comrades were taken, after all.
The jury found them guilty, and the judge made this reply,
"For robbing on the King's Highway, you are condemned
to die!"

"Farewell to my dear wife," he cried, "and likewise, children
three

And to my aged father who shed many a tear for me;
Likewise, my tender mother as she knelt by my side,
'Twere better, Willie Brennan, in your cradle you had died."

(Other texts noted are: John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax, *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* (New York, 1938) 142-146; *Our Singing Country* (New York, 1940) 417-419.)

Carbondale, Illinois

NOTES

Readers are invited to participate in this department by using it as a clearing house for folklore information of all kinds, to report variants of stories or songs or other material given in preceding issues, or to discover from other readers variants of unpublished lore that has been collected or remembered.

NOTES FROM MOROLAND

By HARGIS WESTERFIELD

The Philippine Island of Jolo—pronounced “Hó-lo”—is in the Sulu Archipelago, a chain of small islands extending from Mindanao to Borneo. Near the middle of this chain, Jolo is the largest island and a heartland of Moro Mohammedanism. It is a rich garden island of gentle terraces, perhaps nine hundred miles square, and with a population of 150,000. Out of 212,000 in the political area of Sulu Province, 200,000 are Mohammedans. Whether as a rich trading port between China and Java or as a haven of pirates, “heathen” Jolo over a period of centuries incurred the wrath of the Catholic Spanish-Filipino crusaders from Luzon and the Visayan Islands. Yet only the Americans were powerful enough to subdue the Moros, and fair-dealing enough to keep their friendship. Fear of Christian-Filipino propaganda caused the Moros to evade the school system introduced by Americans.

I. THE FORSAKEN LOVER OF MOROLAND

Kailu Andu was related to Mrs. Julpa Garmsen of Jolo City by an old Moro lady living in Parang, which is still a palace-town of the Sultans of Jolo. The Tausug language in which it is written cannot be understood by the modern speaker of that tongue in Jolo. Being of mixed European-Moro ancestry and reared as a *Tuan* or noblewoman in the Mohammedan faith before her conversion to Catholicism, Mrs. Garmsen is able to talk with Moros in their own speech. Educated in Germany, she is now a high-school teacher in Jolo City. Mrs. Garmsen copied and translated the poem for me during the time of the American-Filipino reconquest of Jolo from the Japanese about June, 1945.

Kailu Andu, then, seems a product of that Moro Moham-medan culture that hardly survived the zeal of the Christian crusaders. Mrs. Garmsen has an extensive unpublished collection of material with the worth of *Kailu Andu*.

It will not do for the reader to pass over this poem without reading it aloud. The old-time Tausug Malayan in which it is worded can be pronounced in Standard American virtually as written; and once the reader appreciates the mood of lovelorn grief, he should have little trouble speaking the poem.

Kailu Andu! (Oh the Pity!)

A warrior of Jolo was married to the woman he loved. While he was away on a voyage, the Sultan desired her and appropriated her for his wife.

Now it will be remembered that a Sultan, besides being a temporal ruler, is also the spiritual head of his people. He is sacred; he can do no wrong. So the former husband could do nothing to regain his lost wife—nothing but bewail his loss in this poem:

Kailu Andu

Kailu andu baran nasusa
In laum jantung hansul binasa
Bang manga talus ing mabarasa
Tulid namayan was nai maisa

Kailu andu in kapagbutas
Agun his baran di nai tumatas
Bang tagha lumaman mintas
Ing pua duzakia amam malugtas.

Kailu andu di nai inalu-uk
Nusan matug di nai mahabuk
Nag parchintan kan kulung buhuk
Dahun kura mayan sampai timbuluk.

Oh the Pity

Oh the pity! The body is in sorrow,
The heart with torture molten.
Had the separation been foreseen,
Better not to have been united.

Oh the pity the separation!
Almost the body could not endure.
When she chances to pass by,
The heart almost breaks.

Oh the pity the misery!
Even the sleep is broken.
Longing for the curly-haired one
I shall carry to my grave.

II. MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN JOLO

(1) A Moro man loves a girl to desperation, but her father refuses to permit the marriage. He goes to her father with fifty pesos in gold and his prize kris, a wavy-edged razor-sharp sword, freshly edged. He kneels before the father and implores: "Take this treasure as a dowry for the hand of your daughter; or take this kris and chop off my head!"

(2) A Moro woman loves a man to desperation, but he spurns her. She complains to the Sultan. He orders the offender brought before him and decrees immediate marriage with the woman; otherwise the penalty must be an injurious fine, or banishment, or death. But if the man marries her, he has an escape. He need spend but one night with her. Then he obtains a divorce merely by stating, "I am going home to my parents."

III. THE MOUNTAIN OF TEARS

Entering Jolo Harbor, one sees to starboard a massive forested mountain with wide upswEEPing slopes that dominates all Jolo. In this war, the mountain was the last fortress of the Japanese. There the 163rd Infantry of the 41st Division and elements of the 93rd colored Division slew Japanese by the hundreds.

This mountain is correctly named Tumantangas—"Tuman TAN'gees"—the Mountain of Tears, but not for the Japanese dead. So lovely is Jolo-land that men weep when they leave the island; and Tumantangas, last mountain seen through a mist of tears, is virtually a Mountain of Tears.

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

By RUTH ANN MUSICK

Shortly after I sent in the manuscript containing a fragment of "There Was An Old Woman,"¹ I discovered another fuller variant from a student. This one tells a complete story; and it has a different refrain and other variations.

There Was An Old Woman

Given to me by Paula Cheney, my student at Iowa Wesleyan College. Miss Cheney had it from her grandmother, Mrs. Stewart, formerly of Minneapolis.

There was an old woman in our town,
In our town did dwell.
She loved her husband dearly,
But another one twice as well.

Sega ma right for all,
Teddy for all, and wag for all the day.

She went into the drug store
To see what she could find.
Anything you please, sir,
Just to set the old man blind.

Sega ma right for all,
Teddy for all, and wag for all the day.

She gave to him some marrow bones,
And told him to suck them all.
Till the old man got so stone blind
He couldn't see at all.

Sega ma right for all,
Teddy for all, and wag for all the day.

He said, "Now, my dear wife, I'd drown myself
If I could find the way."
"Come along, my dear husband,
And I'll show you the way."

¹ See *Hoosier Folklore* 5:34 March, 1946.

Sega ma right for all,
Teddy for all, and wag for all the day.

She led him to the bridge
And he said, "Now my dear wife,
I won't drown myself,
If you don't push me in."

Sega ma right for all,
Teddy for all, and wag for all the day.

The old woman being good natured,
Gave a lively spring;
When he brought back his foot,
And she went tumbling in.

Sega ma right for all,
Teddy for all, and wag for all the day.

"Oh, my dear husband,
I can't swim."
He picked up a pole stick
And pushed her further in.

Sega ma right for all,
Teddy for all, and wag for all the day.

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STANDARD ABBREVIATIONS OF PERIODICALS REFERRED TO IN NOTES AND ARTICLES

CFQ =CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
HF =HOOSIER FOLKLORE
HFB =HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN
JAFL=JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE
MAFS=MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY
NYFQ=NEW YORK FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
SFQ =SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY